

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

ANYWHERE IS

Music Composed by Enya and Nicky Ryan
Lyrics by Rónan Ryan

$\text{♩} = 100$

Capo 1




walk the maze of mo-ments, but ev-ry-where I turn to, be-gins a new be-gin-ning, but
moon up-on the oc-can, is swept a-round in mo-cion, but with-out ev-cr know-ing, the
shells up-on the warm sands, have tak-en from their own lands, the ec-ho of their sto-ry, but



nev-er finds a fin-ish. I walk to the ho-ri-zon, and there I find an
rea-son for its flow-ing. In mo-tion on the o-ccean, the moon still keeps on
all I hear are low sounds. As pil-low words are weav-ing, and wil-low waves are







-oth - er, it all seems so sur - pris - ing, and then I find that I know.
 mov - ing, the waves still keep on wav - ing, and I still keep on go - ing...
 leav - ing, but should I be be - liev - ing, that I am on - ly dream - ing...







You go there you're gone for - ev - er, I go there I'll lose my way, — if we stay here, we're






to Coda

not to - geth - er an - y - where is. — The — I —







won - der if the stars sign, the life that is to be mine, and would they let their

light shine, e - nough for me to fol - low. I look up to the hea - vens but

night has cloud - ed o - ver, no spark of con - stel - la - tion, no Ve - la no O -

ri - on. Mmm,

mmmm, mmm,




























⊕ CODA














duck line, in hopes that I can still find, the way back to the mo - ment. I
 oth - er, it should be one di - rec - tion, it could be on re - flec - tion. The






took the turn and turned to, be - gin a new be - gin - ning, still look - ing for the
 turn I have just tak - en, the turn that I was mak - ing, I might be just be -






ans - wer, I can - not find the fin - ish. It's end.
 - gin - ning, I might be near the










repeat to fade